

PRICE TWOPENCE.

effect, was cured in a very short time by the Au-
Ointment. Let the most prejudiced call on me and
verify these statements.

SAMUEL BONN

Eating-house keeper, 52, York-street.

Sir,—I have to return you my best thanks for the Australian Ointment I had from you, my hand at being fearfully lacerated by a rope running through out fishing. Having applied all kinds of treatments to receiving your ointment, and finding my getting worse, I was persuaded to apply to you, and I am happy to state that, after one week's application, it is thoroughly well; and I am also of opinion that it should be without it, having been used in my hand-chapped hands and lips, and in every instance for cuts, lacerations, &c.

Sir,—Having cut a piece of flesh right out to the
of the first joint of the thumb, and suffering great

I cheerfully add my testimony to the worth Australian Ointment, it having cured me of a severe
from a case of copper poisoning on my finger, tearing
at the time.

being frightful. Having used the ointment before a minor hurt, I used it at once for this wound, it soothed the pain, and in ten days made a wonderful cure. I saw the hurt, and have seen it since, are astonished at the miraculous efficacy of this ointment.

JOHN BUN
No. 4, Cathbert Cottages, Union-

My finger was perfectly lacerated, and the nail to-
 pletely off, so much so, that I was afraid I should
 taken off. It remained in this state for three weeks.
 I got your kind present. I have been using it for
 ten days, and I am proud to say my finger is all but
 No other means did any good.

Yours, &c.,

F. CONNOR

Woolloomooloo and Riley streets.

Sir,—I beg to add my testimony as to the worth

invaluable ointment, as I think every one should feel
to do so for public benefit. Some little time ago I
had sore eyes, attended with scarlatina; they were in
state that two doctors would not dare to give me
for them, when I was advised to try the Australian
ment, which, by only two applications (night and morn-
made a speedy and, I consider, miraculous cure.

Your obedient servant,
JOHN NICHOLSON

12, Alfred-street, Woolloomooloo.

and Tuesday and Wednesday I suffered excruciating
and my finger commenced to swell, when, having
advertisements relative to the merits of the An-
Ointment, I bought a pot, and applied it; and an
hour I got relief from pain, which I consider was
ful, as for two nights I could not get any sleep
and, by continuing the application, in a day or two
quite cured. I think it nothing but right that ha-

LEOPOLD MORGAN, Editor.

I have much pleasure to acknowledge the value Australian Ointment, having used it for my little daughter having had a sore head for two years, which seemed incurable, until I applied your valuable remedy, effected a perfect cure in three weeks.

Yours faithfully,
W. NEWCO

JOHN WILKINSON

Mr. HANFORD.—Dear Sir,—I am quite willing to testify to the efficacy of the Australian Ointment have used it both for myself and children in many cases, and have found it most valuable for mosquito bites, chilblains, sore eyes, and inflamed cuts. In one case it hurt my hands from a fall, and wherever I applied the ointment, the healing process was very rapid.

A. CURRIE, Bridge-

Sir,—For very many instances of sores, wounds, chaffs have I used your Australian Ointment, happy to say with complete success, so much so that I commend every person to buy it.

I am, truly, &c.,
 P. FAIRBURN, Dispensing Chemist,
 King-street, Sydney.

A short time since I was suffering from a severe
 my wrist, which became poisoned by dust from ash
 and spirit of salts (used in my trade as a plumber).
 I tried to wash it with water, but it did not help.

then tried the Australian Ointment. The first application considerably lessened the pain, and in three days enabled me to go to my work. The ointment rapidly cured the sore, and I can speak most strongly of its efficacy.

HARVEY NICHOLS

New Pitt-street, July 2, 1869.

This ointment has cured a gentleman's leg which had been bad for SEVENTEEN years. He tried every kind of ointment, both in India and elsewhere, without effect, though he has objections to publish his name, still

permitted references.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED
to
TRY THE AUSTRALIAN OINTMENT AT
and
ASK FOR THE AUSTRALIAN OINTMENT
AT THE RESPECTABLE CHEMISTS
as
ADVERTISED ABOVE.

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parations that can be relied upon except Sav-
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vastly superior to Peppin."-THE LANCET. S.A.
and MOORE, 143, New Bond-street, London; W.
Agents, Messrs. ELLIOTT, BROTHERS, Sydney.

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of the "violent" releases now piled on for which are so frequently the cause of intestinal disorder, these pills, an established medicine of over years' standing, and spoken of by several of the safest apartment sold, have a tendency to restore bowels to a natural condition; and, for indigestion, best compounded. To be had in 1s and 2s boxes of prior. E. PORTER, 478, Crown-street, Sydney Mr. G. PORTER, Newtown. Per post, 1s 2d and

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THE HOUSE OF STANLEY.

(From the Illustrated London News.)

THE origin of this ancient English family name is traced to a piece of English land, in the moorland country of North Staffordshire, a mile westward of the head of the river Trent, is a piece of craggy ground, which our Saxon forefathers, long before the Conquest, used to call the Stone Lea or Stone Ley. As the inheritors of an estate in those early times would often be called after the place of their property, we find Henry Stanley, of Stoneleigh (with slight variations of sound and spelling), in possession of this lordship eight centuries ago. His only child was his daughter Mabel, whom he gave in marriage to Adam de Audithley, son of Lysiph and grandson of Duke William, a Norman knight enriched at Hastings, with large domains in the conquered kingdom of England. But this old Adam, the grandfather, had another son, and by him another grandson, named William. The descendants of young Adam, the grandson, and of his wife Mabel Stanley, became the Audleys of Healey Castle, who were ennobled by the Norman or by the Plantagenet Kings. But William de Audithley, following the example of his cousin Adam, married another daughter of the Stanley family—namely, Joan, daughter of Thomas Stanley, of Stafford, and receiving with her the manor of Thalk on the Hill, took the name of Stanley, by which different branches of his offspring are known in our day. The two cousins afterwards exchanged, by a deed still extant, their respective estates against each other. Adam de Audithley became lord of the manor of Thalk; William Stanley became lord of Stoneleigh, and part of Balerley. He is the common ancestor of all the Stanleys we shall mention.

The Audleys long ranked high in court and camp. One of them, in 1356, at the battle of Poitiers, being high in command under Edward the Black Prince, achieved great deeds of skill and valour. The Prince rewarded him with a gift of money, which this generous peer instantly divided among his four esquires, who had bravely fought by his side. One of the four was his young kinsman, John Stanley, born some time in the reign of King Edward III., a second son of Sir William Stanley, who was the seventh lord of Stoneleigh from the first William above named. This John Stanley, by his romantic personal exploits and adventures, and by his important public services in a later life, merits particular attention.

After the victory at Poitiers, during the two years' truce between England and France, he travelled all over Europe, as far as the Emperor's Court at Constantinople, to gain more knowledge, practice, and fame in his profession as a soldier. Like a true knight-errant, he challenged many notable fighters to single combat, and overthrew them all. Upon his return to England, he was followed hither by a haughty French champion, who defied him to mortal duel. King Edward was pleased to let them be matched against each other, in his own presence, under the walls of the city of Winchester, where the Frenchman was slain and killed. John Stanley was knighted by his Majesty on the spot, amidst the great applause of many spectators. But one of them, it seems, was a young lady from Lancashire, Mistress Isabel Latham, the daughter of Sir Thomas Latham: a rich heiress, whose heart and hand Sir John Stanley—not more fortunate than deserving—was destined to win.

Sir Thomas Latham, of Latham, near Ormskirk in Lancashire, was lord, also, of the manors of Knowsley, Huyton, Roby, and Torbeck, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. A very curious story, almost pathetic in its simplicity, is related of this old country gentleman and his wife. They were both very strict in their years, and their daughter Isabel was their only child. Like those aged couples in Judea, of whom we read in the most ancient of all our books, they longed for a son. Now it must be confessed, with due apologies for introducing this circumstance, that Sir Thomas had a male heir, but he was not the son of Sir Thomas, but the son of a gentleman, concealed in one of his houses unknown to the Lady of Latham. He wished, with fatherly fondness, to acknowledge this younger, to fetch him home, and to bring him up respectfully, as though he were born in lawful wedlock. He was, however, a little late, he contrived a singular fraud upon his young lady, practising on her tenderness and compassion, as well as on her feminine eagerness to believe in supernatural wonders. He led her, therefore, one day to walk in the park at Latham towards the edge of a lonely forest, where an eagle had built its nest. They heard the cries of a baby aloft in the branches of a tree, or more probably in a hole or on a ledge of some high cliff, from what we know of the habits of the bird. They stopped and bade a servant climb to see what this meant; and little came down from the eagle's hole, but a young boy, dressed in rich swaddling clothes, whom the eagle had evidently carried off from his bereaved parents a hundred miles away. What was to be done? Lady Latham took it for a miracle, and joyfully resolved to treat the child as her own, being apparently the gift of Heaven. She was, moreover, easily persuaded by the knight that it would be a pity to let the whole of the Latham patrimony go to a stranger by the marriage of their girl Isabel. The boy, having been named Oswald de Latham, because, as Sir Thomas knew, his mother's name was Oswald, was the wealthy house brought up as an adopted son of this wealthy house. The heraldic crest of "the eagle and child" was invented at a later date; but Sir Thomas Latham is said to have assumed that of "an eagle, turning her head back, as looking for something taken from her," in pretended memory of this strange event. Sir Oswald, being educated as a young gentleman of good expectations, was present with his half-sister, Isabel, at the Winchester tournament, where Sir John Stanley gained so much distinction; to whose affairs we must now return.

The manner of his love suit to Mistress Isabel de Latham, is left for the historical novelist to fancy; but it is supposed that the young lady, but in the arms of Sir Thomas, her sire. The death of his patron, the Black Prince, may have delayed his promotion at court; but when King Richard, son of that Prince, succeeded his grandfather, Edward, in 1377, Sir John Stanley was appointed to command the royal army in Ireland, and to put down a general rebellion of the Irish chiefs or provincial kings. He very quickly performed this task; so that on the coming of Richard in person, a year or two later, Sir John brought them all—the O'Neils, King of Ulster; the O'Connor, King of Connaught; the O'Riordan, King of Meath; the MacMurrough, King of Leinster; and the O'Brien, King of Thomond, with one or two more—to do homage to the King of England as their sovereign liege lord. This great service, besides other labours in Ireland, was recompensed with a grant of the manor of Blake Castle, and the office of Lord Justice in that kingdom, where Sir John employed himself during most of Richard's reign; but in 1395 we

find him constable of Roxburgh Castle, successfully defending the Border against a Scottish invasion. Long before this time, as one might easily have supposed, this highly trusted royal officer, renowned and honoured as he was, had been permitted to espouse the daughter of the old Lancashire knight, Lady Stanley had three children. The prospect of her lineage were most hopeful; and now came the time for Sir Thomas Latham to reconsider his determination in favour of this equivocal heir, Sir Oswald, the feigned founding of the eagle's nest. Before he died (we know not if in his wife's lifetime) Sir Thomas therefore published the fact of his son's illegitimate birth, and settled the bulk of his large estates upon the children of his daughter Isabel, Lady Stanley, bestowing only a moderate portion on Sir Oswald de Latham.

But the favours of fortune, added to the rewards of valour and prudence, continued to flow in upon Sir John Stanley. He had the discretion, like another Stanley of later date, to secure his own advantage by the timely desertion of an utterly desperate cause. Henry, Duke of Lancaster, coming to dethrone his cousin Richard, who shut himself up with very few friends in Conway Castle, Sir John Stanley privately visited and agreed with the usurper while he still held the government of Ireland by Richard's commission. King Henry IV., upon his coronation in 1399, rewarded Sir John with large estates in Cheshire, and promoted him, in Ireland, from the office of Lord Justice to that of Lord Lieutenant. Against the great rebellion of the Percies, Northumberland and his son Hotspur, with his brother, the Earl of Worcester; and Mortimer, Earl of March, and the Welsh Prince, Owain Glendower, Sir John Stanley did the King much better service than Shakespeare's fat bragart Sir John Falstaff. He came over to fight at Shrewsbury, leaving his elder brother, Sir William Stanley, the owner of Stanley, Stourton, and Hooton, which had belonged to the Earl of Northumberland, his deputy in Ireland. The Isle of Man, being forfeited by this rebellion, Sir William Stanley seized it for the King; but in 1407 the King bestowed it, with all its royalties and the title of "King of Man," upon Sir John Stanley and heirs. The little islet, or "holm," on the west coast of that island, upon which already stood, in a space of five acres, a Celtic round tower and two ancient churches, was now in the hands of the Stanleys, and converted into Peel Castle, whose picturesque ruins still overlook the Irish Sea.

About the same time, Sir John obtained license to build a tower, or fortified house, in the town of Liverpool, which long afterwards proved an important post in war. This distinguished soldier, courtier, and politician, who enjoyed also the honours of Knight of the Garter and Constable of Windsor Castle, died in 1414, a few months after the accession of Henry V. He was the true founder of all the greatness of the Earls of Derby. But his son by Isabel de Latham was the second Sir John Stanley, who was likewise an able and notable person, steward of the household to Henry VI., Constable of Carnarvon Castle, and author of the Manx legislative constitution; he acquired by his marriage the domain and castle of Hornby, near Lancaster. The son of this second Sir John was Sir Thomas Stanley, who held, like his grandfather, the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and had much to do with the King's military and diplomatic affairs, both in France and in Scotland. In the thirty-fourth year of Henry VI. he was created Baron Stanley, and made Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household.

The eldest son and heir of this first Lord Stanley became the first Earl of Derby, whose fortune and name are not less remarkable than those of the first Sir John. He figures in Shakespeare's play of "King Richard III.," and so does the second Sir John, his grandfather, in the play of "King Henry VI.," where he appears in the office of gaoler carrying off the Duchess of Gloucester to her dungeon at Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man; and in the next part we find one Sir William Stanley aiding the escape of King Edward. It will be remembered that the Lord Stanley of "Richard III.," (Thomas, second Baron) was suspected by that tyrant of a secret adherence to the Earl of Richmond. He had, in fact, married the mother of Henry VII.; and this Dowager Countess of Richmond, who had become Lord Stanley's wife, was great-granddaughter to Edward III. through his son, John of Gaunt. Richard would therefore naturally mistrust the intentions of Stanley, as the stepfather of his rival; while Stanley would naturally dream a fearful vision of a raging boar of Gloucester seeking his destruction. We know what came of it: how Lord Stanley, professing his fidelity to Richard, was sent to rally his friends in the north, while his third son, George, was kept as a hostage. This young man, lately married to the heiress of the Earl of Strangford, was ennobled by Edward IV. with the title, Baron Strange, of Knocking, near Shrewsbury, though Shakespeare merely styles him "young George Stanley." He was not the child of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, but of his father's first wife. In those days of August, 1485, while the hostile armies drew near each other at Bosworth, Lord Stanley and the Earl of Richmond met secretly in the neighbouring village of Atherstone, and arranged that the troops under Stanley's command should go over to Richmond's side on the very morning of the battle, and that he should give the order to cut off young George's head, but that those about him got leave to delay the execution till after the battle.

The result was of considerable importance, in more ways than one, to the lucky house of Stanley. Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, having defeated and slain the bloody boar of Gloucester by the valour of his own brave Welshmen, and by Stanley's timely help, became the founder of a new English dynasty, far more powerful than the Plantagenets had ever been; and the new King's mother's husband, had played king-maker at Bosworth, was taken not from the Midland shire of Derby, with which the Stanley had never any connection, but from West Derby, now a suburb of Liverpool, adjacent to his principal manor of Knowsley. The hundred of West Derby includes one-half of South Lancashire; and not only the Knowsley estates in the township of Prescott, but those also of the Latham property near Ormskirk, are situated in this division. Thomas, first Earl of Derby, High Constable of England, lived till 1504, nineteen years after the battle of Bosworth; and enjoyed more honours than any other subject, for the ancient nobility of the realm had perished in the War of the Roses.

But there is one of the ugliest stories in our history connected with the treatment of the Stanleys under Henry's reign, and in the lifetime of Henry's stepfather. There was a younger brother, named William, of the said Baron Stanley and Earl of Derby. He was

knighted and made independent, as Sir William Stanley, of Holt Castle, Flintshire, some time before Richard III.'s usurpation of the Crown. The victory at Bosworth was actually secured by the conduct of this Sir William Stanley, who brought 3000 fresh fighting men into the field at a decisive moment of the desperate struggle. It might have gone hand both with the Earl of Richmond and Lord Stanley of Latham and Knowsley, but for the exertions of Lord Stanley's brother. Yet, when they had won the kingdom, and when ten years had passed away, Sir William Stanley was basely and cruelly done to death upon a false accusation, that the greedy avarice of King Henry might seize upon his wealth.

It was the Perkin Warbeck conspiracy and imposture, got up by the late King Richard's sister of Burgundy, and easily crushed in 1495, which King Henry chose to fix upon his victim. A certain Sir Robert Clifford, an acquaintance of Sir William Stanley's, having joined the party of the Pretender, was caught in Flanders and delivered up to the English Government. He saved his life by offering to furnish the King with a proof of the guilt of Sir William, who was known to be very rich. The evidence amounted to this only, that in a conversation between these two, when Sir Robert had cleared his own position by the identity of Perkin with the son of Edward IV., Sir William had replied "that if he certainly knew this young man to be really King Edward's son, he would never draw his sword against him." That was all; but that was enough for the King's purpose. It was this first of the Tudor sovereigns who established the Star Chamber; it was in his reign that the infamous State extortioners, Empson and Dudley, began the iniquitous system of fiscal robbery, and the old constitutional liberties of England were suppressed for 150 years, till they were regained by the virtue of Hampden, Pym, and Eliot, and by the sword of Oliver Cromwell. Henry VII. owed his crown and life in some measure to the assistance of Sir William Stanley, who had since remained in his Court as Lord Chamberlain, and of whose loyalty there was no cause to doubt. The King, however, was fully capable of the great wickedness that he seems to have actually committed. The rental of Sir William's estates was £3000 a year, and he had 40,000 marks of ready cash in his coffers, besides plate, jewels, furniture, and cattle of immense value. The King desired to confiscate his servant's possessions. He condemned Sir William to die; and the sentence was executed on Tower-hill without a day's delay. That was in February, and we find the King a guest of Sir William's brother at Knowsley, in June of the same year. We do not learn that the Earl of Derby had either interceded or remonstrated with the tyrant. He seems, on the contrary, to have studied with extreme servility how the visit of his Royal stepson at such a time might be rendered specially agreeable. He took on himself the payment of a large tax due from the shire. The two manors of Knowsley and Latham, at which his Majesty would sojourn in turn, were partly rebuilt and splendidly adorned for this occasion. A fine stone bridge over the Mersey, at Warrington, and a new road upon a causeway over the Cheshire and Lancashire marshes were constructed expressly for the King's passage. The month spent by Henry VII. with his mother and his stepfather in that summer of 1495, was a period of sumptuous festivity, troubled by no relenting or remorseful thoughts. Such were the real characters of the newly-made Prince and the newly-made Peer when they triumphed at Bosworth ten years before. In the poetry of Shakespeare, their characters are somewhat different from these—poetry and history do not always agree.

Earl Thomas had yet another younger brother, Sir John Stanley, who married the heiress of Weaver, in Cheshire, and was founder of the house of the Stanleys of Alderley, raised to the peerage in our own times. Upon the death of this first Earl of Derby, in 1504, the Earldom devolved on Thomas, his grandson, eldest son of George, Lord Stanley; the two elder brothers of George having died without issue, and George himself, though he escaped beheading on the day of Bosworth, having been "poisoned at an ungodly banquet," somewhere in London. Of this second Earl of Derby, let it be recorded, that he attended the Court of Henry VIII., in some pompous foreign expeditions, and in some ceremonious negotiations with the monarchs of France and Germany, in the earlier part of that reign. He had the discretion, however, being well acquainted with the jealous and vindictive temper of the Tudors, to give up the title of "King of Man." He and his successors received the royalties of that island (the Earls of Derby till 1755, afterwards the Dukes of Athol) styled themselves no more than "Lords of Man and the Isles." It should also be noticed that Hornby Castle, given in by the first Earl to his fifth son, Edward, afterwards Lord Montagu, has never since belonged to the Stanleys of Knowsley. The same Edward Stanley, founder of another noble house, was a man worthy to be noted. He is the gallant soldier of Flodden Field, whose name lives in the battle-cries of Scott's wounded Marston. "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" Sir Edward Stanley needed no such exhortation to lead him to the field of valour. Not only at Flodden, where his brave father had a special public letter of thanks from Henry VIII., but again and again at Calais, and in the formidable English rebellion, his bravery and martial skill were signally shown. His grandson was the Lord Montagu to whom the Gunpowder Plot was revealed in the time of James I.

We must return to the Earls of Derby. The third of them was Edward, a boy at the death of his father, who left him and his estates in wardship, under the care of Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop and Lord Chancellor, with other trustees. The Cardinal was not above cheating his ward by getting for himself the Crown leases in Lincolnshire which Lord Derby had held. But the King and Cardinal brought the young man forward, like his father, in the service of the Court. He had a town-house on St. Benet's-hill, between St. Paul's and the Thames, which he parted with, and changed his residence to Canon-row, at Westminster. His former mansion became the Herald's College. He shone in the Field of the Cloth of Gold; he pleased the King by subscribing a memorial of certain English Peers to Pope Clement VII., asking for a dissolution of Queen Catherine's marriage; he waited on Queen Anne Boleyn at her coronation; he helped to put down the Northern insurrection called the Pilgrimage of Grace; he ravaged the Scottish border, and performed some courtesies towards the Ambassadors of France. In the reign of Mary he grew still more magnificent as Lord High Steward, and suffered no decline of his grandeur till his death, in Elizabeth's reign. His funeral in Ormskirk Church, in 1572, was attended with extraordinary pomp. His son and successor, Henry, the fourth Earl, had already, while Lord Stanley and Strange, been employed by Elizabeth in sundry important matters—no less than the peace of Spain and the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots. His own Queen made him a Knight of the Garter,

as his father had been made. Ferdinand, the next Earl, son of Earl Henry, died within a few months of his accession. He was thought to have been poisoned by the Jesuits, lest he should disclose a proposal made to him to claim the Crown, being, as he was, a descendant from Henry VII. by right of his maternal grandmother, a daughter of that Duke of Suffolk who had married the Queen Dowager of France, sister to Henry VIII. It was hard to poison the young man because of so remote an affinity with the blood royal. Ferdinand's death, in 1554, threw the baronies of Stanley and Strange into abeyance, and the estates of Knocking went to his daughters; but the Earldom fell to Sir William Stanley, his brother; to whom also was adjudged, after much litigation, the dominion of the Isle of Man. Sir William's earlier life had been so wandering and adventurous that even his personal identity was disputed; but the old tenants and servants at Latham remembered having known him as a child. There is much interest in his biography if we have space for it here. By his lady, Elizabeth Vere, a daughter of the Earl of Oxford, he had an eldest son, James, who was called Parliament in his father's lifetime, sitting in the House of Lords, not as Baron, but as Chevalier de Strange. In 1637 Earl William, growing weary of the world's vain bustle, retired for his few remaining years, with a reserved income of £1000, to a quiet house of modest dimensions on the banks of the Dee, near Chester; having first transferred his life-interest in all his property to James, his son and heir—the most virtuous, but the most unfortunate of English noblemen, in his troubled age of bloody political contention—the seventh Earl of Derby.

Few passages in the private or public history of those seventeenth-century struggles, though it embraces the martyrdom of Lord William Russell and that of the Marquis of Argyle, are more deeply touched than the example of this Royalist peer. We must admire the singular meekness and purity of his character, as well as his social and domestic relations as in his self-sacrificing devotion to public duty and honour, though requited with ungrateful peridy and insult for all his loyalty to an unworthy Prince. In the personal memoirs written by himself, in the letters of wise advice he addressed to his son, in the farewell letters to his wife and children, and in the accounts of his behaviour by the friends who stood next him in the hour of trial, we see the exhibition of a spirit at once chivalrous and Christian, the gallantry of the hero with the meekness of the saint. His Countess, a French Protestant or Huguenot lady, born Charlotte de Tremouille, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, was one of the superb races of Nassau and Bourbon, allied to nearly every royal family in Europe. She is famous for her brave defence of Latham House, when besieged by a detachment of the Commonwealth army during three months of the year 1644; and the latter portion of her eventful history, as regent of the Isle of Man, is familiar to the readers of Sir Walter Scott's romances. The main facts only in the career of this Lord Derby can be mentioned in so brief a notice.

He was more of an accomplished country gentleman than of a courtier; like the Stanleys who have come after him, not like the Stanleys who had lived before him; he would have ruled his own affairs at home rather than seek the favours of the Court. But he was bred a Royalist; on principle he was for the King, as Hampden was for the Parliament on principle; and when the Civil War broke out, he raised 3000 Lancashire men, sturdy and sharp, and waited upon Charles at York, inviting his Majesty to come and hoist his standard at Warrington, between the two royal shores of Cheshire and Lancashire, with the loyal Northern and Western counties at his back. It was judicious counsel; much better than that of advancing from Nottingham towards London with the Eastern and Midland parts of England full of the King's enemies, closing upon his back and rear as he came on. Charles seemed to take this advice, and Lord Derby was authorized to raise levies in his own country, which he did at three places—Ormskirk, Preston, and Bury—to the amount of 20,000 men, proceeding thence to do the same in Cheshire and North Wales. But the King, fickle in judgment and purpose, as well as faithless, was persuaded, in Derby's absence, to set aside his plans, and even to supersede his local authority, by appointing other peers to the lieutenancy of these counties. This slight put on Lord Derby so discouraged the Lancashire Royalists that their opponents, led by the Ashtons, Heywoods, and others, were enabled to fortify themselves in Manchester, Preston, and Lancaster, and the parliamentary forces were greatly strengthened. Lord Derby attacked them in Manchester, and would have captured them by assault, but he got a message from the King, then at Shrewsbury, forbidding him to do so or to risk any loss of his own troops in Lancashire; he must bring them all without delay to reinforce the King's army opposed to Lord Essex. He instantly obeyed; but on reaching the King's camp was coldly greeted, and ordered to leave his soldiers there and to return to his own place. This was a deliberate insult contrived by his personal foes about the King. They had made Charles believe that the Earl was too powerful, and that his fidelity could not be trusted. He indignantly challenged his accusers to appear and make good their accusations. The King, with characteristic insincerity, pretended that no fault was found, and refused him an opportunity of self-justification, while forcing him to submit to a course of studied indignities, which would have driven most men to join the rebellion. But no ingratitude or ill-use could shake the loyalty of the Earl. He sternly rejected the most plausible and flattering overtures of the King's enemies:—"Pray tell the gentlemen at Manchester, and let them tell the gentlemen at London, when they hear I turn traitor, I shall hearken to their propositions." He fortified his own house at Latham, and laid out a park of some 1000 acres, and a garden. On Houghton, however, that place, he met a rebel force, and beat it in half-an-hour; then calling Lord Molyneux's regiment to his aid, marched upon Lancaster; took that city by storm; rested three days, and led his forces to Preston, which town he likewise captured by assault. They were on their way to do the same at Manchester, when Lord Molyneux received peremptory orders from the King to take the forces raised by Lord Derby and bring them at once up to Oxford, while Lord Derby was commanded to go to the Isle of Man. The faithful and patriotic nobleman, thus again thwarted by a greater act of treatment, near that to perform the renegeed such treatment, though he bitterly resented such treatment, would never disobey his Prince. He sailed for the Isle of Man, which was indeed threatened by the Scots, as well as disturbed by a popular agitation. He left the Countess to take care of Latham House.

The story of her brave and successful defence of that mansion, from the end of February to the end of May, aided by five or six gentlemen of the neighbourhood, against the army of General Sir Thomas Fairfax, is a brilliant passage of the Civil War. The house was large and strong, encompassed with a wall six feet thick, having nine towers, each mounted with six cannon; besides the Eagle Tower in the centre and the Gatehouse, which were also furnished with artillery, and sheltered a number of musketeers, the whole was surrounded by a moat, eight yards wide, and a stiff palisade. Lady Derby appointed a skilful Scotchman, Major Farmer, to command her garrison, with Captains Molineux Radcliffe, Rosthern, Chissenhall, Ogilvie, Charnock, and Farrington, to help him. Her chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Rutter, afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man, conducted the non-military business, and kept up the spirit of the defenders. The lady herself often stood upon the walls, or rode forth with her soldiers in a rally, amidst the enemy's fire; she was not frightened when the cannon-balls, and even bombshells, then newly invented, came into her own chamber. Fairfax departed elsewhere, leaving Colonel Egerton and Colonel Rigby to continue the siege. The garrison now got the advantage, and repeatedly sallied out, capturing most of the enemy's guns, and spiking the rest. This went on till the Earl of Derby hearing of the distressed situation of his house and wife, hastened from the Isle of Man, and implored King Charles to send troops for her relief. It was just after the Royalist victory at Newark, and Prince Rupert was sent to Lancashire, accompanied by the Earl. They fought and beat the enemy at Stockport, and were coming near Latham when Colonel Rigby, having lost half his forces, was fain to raise the siege. He shut himself up in the town of Bolton. It was immediately attacked, and taken by assault, Lord Derby being the first man to scale the town wall. From Bolton the Prince and the Earl marched to besiege Liverpool, which was fortified and garrisoned by the Parliament men; it was reduced by artillery in a few days. After these successes in Lancashire, Prince Rupert desired Lord and Lady Derby, with their children, to go to the Isle of Man, while he put a fresh garrison into their house at Latham, and withdrew his army to York.

The battle of Marston Moor, fought a week later, made it impossible for him to return and support the Royalists of Lancashire once more; the defeat of Naseby, in the next year, was still more fatal. Latham House underwent a second siege; it was taken at last, and was utterly demolished by its captors. The Earl and Countess of Derby remained several years, without molestation, in their island territory, while their property in England was confiscated, except fifty parts of its annual revenue, which was allowed for the maintenance and education of their children at Knowsley. They were not to abide happy in this retirement, consoled by the affection of their Manx tenants and subjects. The Earl could not reconcile it with his notions of honour and duty to acknowledge the supremacy of the Revolutionary Government over the little island which he ruled for his King. It was, indeed, a separate principality, and the laws made by the English Parliament were not there current. In vain was he tempted with an offer of the full restoration of all his English estates if he would surrender Man. From his impregnable fortress of Castle Rushen, in July, 1649, he wrote to General Ireton, "I scorn your proffers, disdain your favours, and abhor your treason. He wrote to his own boy, Charles, "Fear God, and love your father; when I go to the top of Mount Barrow, by turning myself round I can see England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and think it a pity to see so many kingdoms at once, which is a prospect, I conceive, no place in any nation that we know under Heaven can afford, and have so little profit from all or any of them." The Republican new masters of England revenged themselves by seizing upon his children and carrying them away from Knowsley House to a strict confinement at Chester. A few months later the Earl could not refrain from joining in the unlucky attempt of Charles II. in the third year after his father's decapitation, to reconquer England with a Scottish army. He landed, with a few hundred men, to rally his old friends in Lancashire around the young King's standard. His small party which surprised and cut up in Wigan-lane, the Earl himself had a narrow escape; but he fought beside the King at Worcester, and aided Charles to escape in his hiding-place at Boswell. A few days after this Lord Derby was taken prisoner, surrendering on promise of quarter; and, being tried by court-martial at Chester, was unjustly sentenced to death. His son rode post-haste to London to beg for his life, but Cromwell and Bradshaw would not hear of it.

The last few days of his life were the noblest of all. We read with emotions of sympathy and admiration the narrative by his chaplain, the Rev. Humphrey Baggerley, the Earl's letters to his wife, "My dear Heart," as he calls her; to his little children, "My dear Moll, Ned, and Billy;" his talk in prison, and on the road from Chester to Bolton, and his brief speech on the scaffold. The unaffected serenity, the modest dignity, the gentleness and firmness of manner with which he bore his cruel fate cannot be surpassed. Now and then a gleam of humour would light up the sober sadness of his thoughts. He was invited to choose a man for his executioner. "Nay, Sir," he replied, "if those men that will have my head will not find one to cut it off, let it stand where it is." Getting into bed the night before his execution, he lay down with folded limbs, and said, "Methinks I lie like a monument in a church, and to-morrow I shall be so." Going into Bolton, he noticed that the wind shifted to the east, favouring the voyage of his chaplain to the Isle of Man, with the news of his end. "Happily, there is a great difference between me and you, for my thoughts are fixed and I know where I shall rest to-night; but you don't, for every little alteration of wind or weather moves you of this world from one point to another." They had to wait hours before the scaffold was ready; for not a man in Bolton town would lend a hand to build it. The Earl prayed, and spoke comfortably, and sent tender messages to those he loved. At last, before the assembled people, he called them all to witness that he was not a man of blood, although he had been in the assault of their town six years before; they would remember his mercy and care in saving the lives of many. He had felt himself obliged to join his master, Charles II., by his promise to the father of that prince. "I profess here, in the presence of God, I always fought for peace. I wanted neither estate nor honour. I am condemned to die by new and unknown laws. The Lord send us our King again! and the Lord send us our religion again! I am not ashamed of my life, nor afraid of my death." He turned to the headman, "Come, friend, give me thy axe into my hands; I'll not hurt thee nor it; it cannot hurt me, for I am not afraid of it." So he kissed the instrument of cruelty; he courteously thanked the executioner, and arranged with him as he would have settled with a groom who brought him a horse to ride the little details of mounting and starting. He looked at the block, and remarked, "I never saw any one's head cut off; I don't

know how to lie upon this, but I'll try how it fits." So he lay down, stretching himself upon it; then he shifted, that his neck might be fairly exposed. Repassant on the Lord's Prayer, and blessing his wife and children, he blessed all mankind, and God's holy name, and, in the next moment, raising his hands for a signal, died, amidst the sobs and cries of the people.

The son of this good man, Charles, Lord Strange, becoming eighth Earl of Derby, lived as a worthy, kindly, honourable English nobleman, to the year 1672. His adventures, and those of his brave widowed mother, when the hostile faction, under the renegade bailiff, William Christian, got possession of the Isle of Man, are related in "Peveril of the Peak." Upon the accession of Charles II., this Lord Derby was released and restored to Knowsley and Latham, but did not recover the most valuable part of his estates. The selfish and profligate King, for whose sake Lord Derby's father had died, and for whom his family was ruined, would not give his assent to an Act that was passed by both Houses of Parliament for the restitution of the confiscated lands. "Put not your trust in princes!" A later Earl of Derby inscribed the damning record of this instance of a monarch's meanness over the door of his house at Knowsley. Charles Stanley married a German lady, daughter of the Baron von Rupa; and two of his sons, one after the other, came to be Earls of Derby. The second of these two, James Stanley, the tenth Earl, was Brigadier Stanley of King William's wars—a veteran soldier who had covered himself with wounds and glory in the battle-fields of Germany and Flanders. When he died, in 1735, with no issue, the line of descent from the second Earl, the line of Henry VIII., suddenly came to a stop.

It was necessary to look for collateral heirs. There was a division or difference in the rights of inheritance. The Barony of Strange and the Lordship of Man, being legally transmissible in the female line, devolved upon the second Duke of Athol, whose grandfather, Earl of Athol, had married the daughter of the seventh Earl of Derby. The Murrays, Dukes of Athol, therefore held the Isle of Man till its sale to the Crown, in 1825. But the Earldom of Derby could not thus pass away from the Stanleys. It must revert to any male descendant of the first Earl—him who helped Richmond to hunt down the cruel boar on Bosworth Field. Now, we have seen that the son and heir of the King-maker of 1485, Thomas Stanley, was George Stanley, whose head King Richard would have cut off there and there. He left, besides an eldest son, Thomas, to succeed him, one younger son, one of whom, Edward Stanley, acquired land at Bickerstaffe, a village half way between Knowsley and Latham. The Bickerstaffe Stanleys got a baronetcy from Charles I. in 1627; they were promoted and provided for by the greater Stanleys, holding good positions in the Isle of Man, and marrying heiresses of good estate. The fifth baronet of Bickerstaffe, Sir Edward Stanley, became the eleventh Earl of Derby. He was the immediate and direct ancestor of the late illustrious statesman.

The more recent genealogical particulars are shortly to be noted. The eldest son of this eleventh Earl was James, who did not survive his father, but who began the line of the Smith-Stanleys, having espoused, in 1747, Lucy, daughter and co-heiress of Hugh Smith, Esq., of Weald Hall, Essex, and having assumed, for the sake of his bride and the fortune, the additional name of Smith. His son, Edward, the twelfth Earl of Derby, succeeding his grandfather in 1776, made two still more remarkable marriages. He took for his first wife the sole daughter of the sixth Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, of the Royal blood of Scotland, and husband of the beautiful Miss Gunning. She was the grandmother of the late Earl of Derby. The second marriage of that rather eccentric nobleman, who lived till 1834, was to Miss Eliza Farren, the fascinating Irish actress. One of her children became Countess of Wiltton. This twelfth Earl of Derby was a great sportsman, a great Whig politician, and a jolly companion of Charles Fox, in the Regency days. He loved racing, as well as cock-fighting, and he founded both the Derby and the Oaks at Epsom; but the original Derby horserace was founded in the seventeenth century, by his noble predecessor, the ill-fated Lord of Man. There is a fine strip of galloping-ground on the shore of Castletown Bay, towards Derbyhaven, where the seventh Earl appointed a yearly trial of Manx horses, and gave a Derby cup for the prize. This was before the institution of Newmarket Races.

Edward Smith Stanley, his son by the first marriage, was thirteenth Earl from 1834 to 1851. He is well remembered by his Lancashire neighbours as an amiable gentleman of retired habits and refined taste, fond of natural science, especially ornithology; and the collector of an aviary at Knowsley, and of a zoological museum, which was given to the town of Liverpool by his death. The wife of this nobleman, and mother of the late Earl, was Miss Charlotte Margaret Hornby. There are several families of that name in Lancashire; but the Hornbys in question are those of Dalton Hall, Westmorland, from which stock came the Rectors of Winwick. The parish church of Winwick, three miles from Warrington, has been in the gift of the Stanleys from time immemorial; and many clergymen of the Hornby family have been appointed to its charge. Inter-marriages have taken place, for a hundred years past, between the noble house of Derby and the rectory or hall of Winwick. There is something very English in this frank domestic union of a great peer's lineage with that of gentle commoners exercising a learned profession. The Winwick parson of 1772, the Rev. Geoffrey Hornby, wedded Lucy, sister of the twelfth Earl of Derby. The thirteenth Earl, in 1798, married a couple, Charlotte Margaret, the daughter of that couple. Two years before this his own sister, Lady Charlotte Stanley, had married her cousin, Edmund Hornby, Esq., of Dalton Hall, eldest son of the Rector of Winwick. But this Rev. Geoffrey Hornby, grandfather of the late Lord Derby, had two other sons. One of them, a distinguished naval officer, Admiral Sir Philipps Hornby, K.C.B., was father of the present Head Master of Eton College. Another succeeded his father as clergyman of Winwick; but on the death of the Rev. J. J. Hornby, the Rectory was given by the late Earl to the Rev. F. C. Hopwood, husband of Lady Eleanor, the late Earl's youngest sister.

Such is the family history of the Stanleys. It is a part of the social and political history of England. The best characteristics of our nation are to be found in this noble race. Its dignity has been so well borne that we may claim it as a piece of our ancient glory which is not yet faded.

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